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MARSEILLE UNDER A WAR ASPECT.

I HAVE been awakened this bleak, cold May morning—for the keen, penetrating *moostroom* is blowing, despite the bright sunshiny weather; and bronchitis and bad coughs are wrangling with each other for precedence—by the dismal, distant booming of the celebrated bell of Notre Dame de la Garde, a church, I am delighted to think, situated on the summit of a cliff, a good three miles away from my lodgings at No. 14 Rue des Minimes. Notre Dame de la Monte, which I can see from the window of my bedroom, is also inviting the Catholic to matins; so are a dozen other churches and convents named after every saint in the calendar. Under these circumstances, and as the intonations are exceedingly lugubrious, I have nothing for it but to 'make an effort,' and turn out for the day. There is nothing very inviting in the aspect of my dormitory: no fireplace; no carpet, save an atom of rug at the bedside; and a red brick flooring, iced by the cold east wind. Despite woollen socks and slippers, the first contact of the feet with this frozen pavement is tantamount to a very smart electric shock. I shudder to think of the dreadful but indispensable morning ablutions—the fearfully cold water, and abominably hard soap; the towel like a scrubbing-brush; the agony of rinsing one's mouth with diluted ice. But there is no remedy. *C'est la guerre* that occasions me all this misery; for, however wealthy that fickle dame, Fortune, should choose to make me, I could not at this moment obtain any lodgement in any hotel, and so I am glad to live and board in private lodgings. Two meals a day, for thirty-five francs a week, are cheap enough, I'm sure. If it was not, however, for the cold wind and plenty of exercise, I really do not know how I should dispose of breakfast or dinner. Appetite, beyond a doubt, is the best sauce for cheap lodgings at Marseille. We breakfast at noon; we dine at 8 p.m. Anything in the interval is charged as extras; and exceedingly heavy extras too. Our breakfast consists principally of *hippikick*, or cold water boiled to death, with plenty of grease floating on the surface; parsley, and large slices of bread; a plate of fried pork-rind; a small plate of potatoes; a large amount of salad and beet-root; with wine and bread *ad libitum*. For dinner, there is another display of soup; an atom of boiled meat; a fragment of cheese; a small plate of walnuts, or almonds and raisins; and the indispensable beet-root and salad. There are two others who board and lodge in this establishment—two ill-used, hungry government clerks, with plenty to do, and very small pay, and, worse than all,

prodigious appetites. Every shortcoming in the way of food or delicacy is attributed to the war; and hearty are the secret maledictions bestowed upon its instigators.

Madame, who is prodigal in her expressions of good-wishes, raps at the door just as, half-shivering, half-feverish, I seize my great-coat and hat, and make for the dining-room—the only apartment in the house that can boast of a fireplace (excepting the kitchen); and where, if we happen to be in the landlady's good books, we have broiled tomatas, well stuffed with mince-meat and other delicacies, once or so a fortnight—a dish that brings tears to the eyes of my two fellow-lodgers, and water to their anxious palates. Madame, who is a Parisian, small, stately, and of immense etiquette, begs to know whether I would wish for *café au lait*. There is no time to be lost, as the wood-fire has burnt rather low, and charcoal and firewood are a matter of rigid economy in cold, bleak Marseille.

Monsieur, madame's husband, is a German; active, money-making, obliging, addicted to beer and pipes, and to a fortnightly musical soiree, where compatriots assemble in a convenient back-parlour, beyond the *gens d'armes'* beat, and sing, with really much taste and talent, terrible old patriotic songs, that might cost them all their liberty.

As I enter the dining-room, I find it filled with *ces braves gens*, 'les Zouaves.' They are refreshing themselves with *petite verres* of cognac, very small and temperate as regards size, but the constant replenishing of which renders it a matter of doubt whether it would not save time and trouble if they at once uncorked the decanters and swallowed their fiery contents at a draught.

There are, besides, no lack of soldiers of the line; and each one is accompanied by two or three mechanics or tradesmen—bosom-friends—who prefer the quiet decency of Herr Heitmann's establishment to the noisy *cabarets* and tobacco-shops, which are so plentifully scattered over this ancient township of Marseille. There are, moreover, not a few really pretty damsels in captivating *grisette* caps.

Interspersed also are a few matrons—most of them in the laundry-line—who have only quitted their washing-tubs to bid a fond adieu to some sunburnt disciple of Mars, a son, a nephew, a cousin, brother, or lover. The *petit verre* is never raised to the lips without an appropriate toast: 'Confusion to the dogs'—that is, *les chiens*. There were three *chiens* that constituted the pith of a Hungarian toast—*les Russ-chiens*, *les Pruss-chiens*, and *les Autre-chiens* (the Russians, the Prussians, and the Austrians).

At present, diplomatic circumstances circumscribe the extent of this parting jubilee; and the French soldiers imbibe incredible quantities of burning alcohol to the annihilation of the Austrians, and to the glory of *la belle France* and the Piedmontese. Three shorn monks of the Carmelite order interfere with my *café au lait* and the libations of the soldiery, demanding rather than begging alms for the masses hereafter to be repeated to extricate defunct Frenchmen from purgatory. The women fall ready victims to these usurers of futurity; and many a tear-bedimmed eye willingly pays the last sou to secure prayers and benedictions on behalf of that beloved one now about to be ruthlessly torn away from her.

Notre Dame de la Monte, of which the Rue des Minimes is the principal street, has its everyday quiet disturbed by the incessant tramp of soldiery; the shouts, laughter, and jests of the men; the smothered sighs and groans of the women. Coffee being despatched, and the atmosphere redolent of cognac and tobacco, I ensconce myself in a great-coat and comforter of huge dimensions, and with my *loins girt up*, issue forth—a giant refreshed with *café au lait*—to do battle against the keen east wind. I have often walked in this town in quiet and peaceable times, when the keeper of the *cabaret*, just at the corner of the Boulevards de Rome—an olive-complexioned, oily-looking man, in soiled shirt-sleeves, and a decidedly greasy red night-cap—has sat smoking his morning-pipe on an old seedy chair, and touted hopelessly for passengers. This morning he looks more greasy than ever, but is immense in importance. Hard work has he and the good dame his wife in complying with the frequent and urgent demands of the throng that cluster round his small and fly-bitten bar, who are clamorous for stimulants to nerve them against the horror of sen-sickness. Vast though the supply of *absinthe* in his cellars (if he has any), may be, it can be hardly adequate to meet the demand. As for the noise issuing from this den, which is foul with unseemly odours, there is nothing in my experience that I can compare it to unless it be a bird-fancier's shop in Ratcliff Highway, where parrots and paroquets constitute the principal inhabitants. Next to it, enveloped in smoke, is a tobacco-shop besieged by a legion of these 'sons of Gaul,' smoking, bantering, gasconading, and laying up a good stock of their much-relished weed; to be lit, as they protest, from the smouldering ruins of that fated capital, Vienna.

On either side, I have no lack of companions: Jeans and Jacks, Bruchets and Clements, are all accompanying their friends to the same destination—namely, La Joliette or the new harbour. Soldiers there are innumerable, many of them raw recruits, under heavy marching-order, with knapsacks on their backs; their bundles suspended over their shoulders from stout shillies; their left hand tightly grasping the ration of bread, just dispensed at the quarter-master-general's departments, and their great-coat pockets well stuffed with sausages, hard-boiled eggs, and other dainties, destined to comfort them during the short but turbulent sea-voyage from the shores of France to *fair and fruitful Italy*. Not a baker in this street, not a *charcutier* of whom you can buy pork in any shape, vilely seasoned with garlic—but has voluntarily contributed to the inward comfort of these *enfants*. Not a voice, from the shrill, cracked intonation of the wizard-like old woman that cries her *betterave* (beet-root), to the robust and aproned proprietor of the Hôtel de Denx Mondes, but greets these emancipators of Italy and liberty with loud and continued plaudits. Neither are these mere lip-offerings. The old lady with the beet-root persists in emptying her basket of its unseemly-looking contents into the huge pockets of the loose gray coats; the *marchand d'épicerie* supplies them with valuable drugs,

gratis, preventatives against every contagious disease; the tavern-keepers without resistance pour the contents of their canteens down the parched throats of these brave fellows; the shoeblacks by the always overflowing and muddy pumps at the bottom of the hill, offer to polish their boots merely for the honour of the thing; a cadaverous-looking old bishop, coming home from early mass, pauses to give them his blessing; and wily old shopkeepers and moneyed merchants turn out *en masse* to swell the cry of *Viva la France, Vive l'Italie*.

As a matter of course, if not of necessity, I join in all these hearty outbursts of enthusiasm; and, the valves of my heart being opened, like a young oyster on a rainy day, I am induced to stand treat to some half-score market-women and others who sell fish and vegetables, and who are ill adapted to their trade, if I may be permitted to judge from their apparent objection to anything like cold water. The dew that makes them flourish like their own cabbages is peculiar to France, and is commonly known as cognac.

Plunging through the sea of abominations which mark the crossing of that great street, the Rue Paradis—a street deteriorating awfully from the significance of its appellation—I find myself and my brave companions hustled and jostled by a multitude of other warlike aspirants, who, despite the want of room, will persist in keeping their hands far over the wrist ensconced in their capacious peg-top trouser-pockets. These are all waiting for the order to embark, and, as I might as soon penetrate the fiery desert of Sahara as this inflexible mass, I take shelter for a while in the Café Turo, perfectly dazzled by the splendour of its gilding, and smooth, mirror-surfaced tables, and not a little refreshed with its *café noir*. As I sit, making pretence to read the last number of the *Pays*, I wonder to myself whether that great tower, the Tower of Babel, could have rivalled this place for variety of language and dialect, and whether a hubbub such as is going on round about me ever occurred in that ill-fated edifice, I do not really think its clamour could have exceeded the voices, gesticulation, clanking of glasses, clattering of *spurs*, swords, and firearms, oaths, adjurations, laughter, coughs, stamping, and *vivas*, which make the very walls of this elegant and commodious *café* reverberate again. Of one thing I feel positive, that the costume of the multitude in Babel's tower was not so variegated, and indeed, it is likely, the whole wardrobe of those speculative builders might have been easily packed in a couple of good-sized plantain leaves. In this respect, we of Marseille have the advantage. From the peg-tops before alluded to, down to the Zouaves' picturesque uniform, I can distinguish the height of Paris fashion—the wide-awake of the Yankee—the twenty yards of white inexpressibles sported by the Greek—the dirty old cloak and turban of the Hebrew from Gibraltar—the reckless diabolie of the English skipper—the slouched cap of the Maltese nondescript: in short, every fashion, every colour, every costume, that the known world produces, except, perhaps, that of the Pawnee Indian. And if I want to see a personification of that character, I have only to step over to the tobacco-shop, next door, at the sign of L'Indien Rouge, and there, large as life, is a figure of the Pawnee, with a nice little scalp-knife in one hand, and in the other, a respectable old gentleman's wig, with specimens of tobacco in it for the general approval of the public.

Whilst I am seated at my mirrored circular table—and the whole room seems one mass of mirrors, except under foot—somebody taps me on the shoulder, and I recognise, despite enormous vegetation of beard and moustache, Monsieur le Capitaine, who served bravely in the Crimea. I shrink at my own

reflection, to think how insignificant my plain civilian's costume looks beside that of the glittering throng that surround me. Monsieur le Capitaine is, however, a plain, sensible, straightforward man—a man of few words, but ready action—brave as a lion, and amiable as a lamb. He is no Gascon. He looks upon the pending storm in Italy as a very serious struggle, and one which will try the mettle of the French army to its utmost. Being joined by a party of Zouaves, the conversation turns upon the exploits and deeds in the Crimea, when we fought and bled side by side; and even these *braves* condescend to sprinkle a little praise upon some of our troops. The '*Scoose Greece*' they laud up to the skies. That famous charge of theirs was something *magnifique*. I discover that the praises relate to the gallant Scots Greys. Intermingled with the throng are three or four merry, laughing *vivandières*, in full costume; their exceedingly pretty and picturesque costumes adding greatly to the gaiety of the scene. At last the bugle sounds the order to fall in; in a second the *café* is deserted; the troops deploy and form a long solid line along the borders of the old harbour, which I can smell, though I cannot see it for the human mass intervening. The shipping is all decked out with flags, and the decks are crowded with enthusiastic spectators. The ships that ride parallel with the old port are also dressed out in holiday attire, and the noise and the cheering are deafening. At last the word is given to march; the band strikes up the march in *William Tell*. Amidst the regular tramp and clank of the soldiers, and the plaudits of the populace, we proceed, still skirting the edges of the old port: amidst immense piles of shot and warlike ammunition, which are in the act of being shipped off as rapidly as they can be for the seat of war: amidst a multitude of petty shops exposing for sale curiosities from every part of the known world: amidst piles of coral-baskets from the Feejee Islands, mats from China, shells from Ceylon: amidst the screaming of cockatoos, parrots, and paroquets, of brilliant plumage; fidgety and restless squirrels; cooking-houses for foreign ships, with marvellous English inscriptions (no ship in harbour is permitted a fire or light on board): past the boat-maker's yard, where, in large letters, I am informed that '*Here boots are coppered ver ship*' (very cheap); down by the potato-warehouse, with '*berdatties from Oran*.' I march past all these to the music of *William Tell*; and before leaving the stench of the old port, I have occasion to witness the blustering deportment and consequential airs of Monsieur le Capitaine, who commands the *Sans Souci*, or tug-boat (the only one, I believe, at Marseille; and hence the importance of the skipper), who is shouting and yelping, and roaring at the unfortunate and crest-fallen master of a merchant-vessel, laden to the water's edge with warlike munition, and which the *Sans Souci* is tugging out to sea. If that man's mouth was a field-piece, it could hardly make more noise; fortunately, however, the volleys he fires are only oaths; and I chuckle to hear him call the crest-fallen master a *mange conduits*—a fellow that eats his conduct.

A wheel to the right, and one to the left, bring us to La Joliette, the really handsome and new harbour at Marseille, which is nearly choked with vessels and steamers, transports and men-of-war; where every thing is bustle and hurry. A fortunate itinerant tinman sells off his stock of small panikins in less time than it takes me to write this, for they are in great demand amongst the soldiery, and will prove useful in sunny and thirsty Italy.

The embarkation is a ceremony of very short duration, most of the soldiers scrambling over the ship's side, and so on to the decks, hailing each other with

'prenez place pour Vienne, messieurs.' Many of them, poor fellows, are taking their places to a far more distant country.

Before going back to my lodgings again, I climb up to the top of Notre Dame de la Garde; the ascent is weary, but enlivened by the throngs of women, who are carrying candles and other pence-offerings to lay at the Virgin's shrine, and implore safeguard for those going and gone to do battle. There are, moreover, sundry brown Maltese skippers coming up to perform vows, made in rough weather at sea, when, as one of them tells me, if it had not been for the intervention of the Virgin, they must all have been lost. Notre Dame de la Garde is considered the sailors' sanctuary. When I get to the top at last, I buy a small relic of the old woman licensed to sell them just at the entrance. It is not for my pen to describe the magnificent and comprehensive panorama which stretches out before me on all sides. Going home again, I take another and a shorter cut up a very narrow, very dirty, very steep street, which will bring me out, however, just at Heitmann's door. The slattern, slovenly, grease-besmeared damsel in slippers and uncombed hair, seated on yonder door-step, is lamenting the departure of her lover, a recruit. The worthless old hag over the way, who empties her slops right into the middle of the street, and splashes me up to the knees, has three sons serving in the army. Every one, down to the wretched cobbler, in a miserable tank under a cabaret, has something to say about la guerre; and at every ten minutes the conversation gets of such thrilling interest, that parties of five and six, of all sexes, rush over to the nearest cabaret, to quench their enthusiasm with another petit verre. Not one word of complaint do I hear on any side about dearness of provisions, or such like doleful talk.

EUPHEMISMS.

THE ancient Greeks, than whom there has been no nation more accursed by generation after generation of youth since the world began, were nevertheless a polite and agreeable people enough among themselves. They had a horror, amounting to superstitious dread, of mentioning unpleasant things, and when they were obliged to do so, always hinted at them delicately, instead of blurring them out. They did not, as is vulgarly asserted in the school-books, compel Socrates to drink hemlock—in so many words—but ventured to recommend him, with their best wishes, a desirable sedative—very likely as advertisers of cooling beverages are wont to phrase it, 'especially refreshing at that particular season.'

Similarly, as we are all aware, when the great gulf opened its terrible jaws in the Forum at Rome, it was termed, with facetious tenderness, by the Latin friends of Marcus Curtius, 'quite a nice opening for a young man.'

The system of Euphemism, therefore, upon which we justly pride ourselves, and without which it would be scarcely possible for the Queen's government, or any other, to be carried on, is derived from the most venerable sources, and may be written about, I feel confident—or this present writer would be the last to put pen to paper—without any sacrifice of dignity.

The first personal reminiscence of its operation which occurs to me, took place at a time when I was of very tender years, but under such peculiar circumstances of aggravation, that I shall probably never forget it. I was taken out one morning by my mother and a female attendant to enjoy a ride in a 'coachey-poachey'—which was a dusty, rumbly hack-carriage, as I well remember, with some filthy straw at the bottom of it, which I sucked with exceeding relish, and afterwards offered with the

greatest liberality to my companions. I did not know for what particular act of goodness this treat had been conferred upon me, but accepted it with that unquestioning simplicity with which children do receive all kinds of benefits as their lawful dues; nor does that beautiful faith in our own good deserts fail always afterwards, but is not seldom found to flourish down to the brink of the grave, even among grown-up persons. We arrived at a strange door with an enormous brass plate upon it—which, if I had been a more diligent child, and could have deciphered it, would have turned me, like the Medusean shield, into stone, with horror—and were ushered into a small, well-lighted apartment, where there was a very gentleman-like person, who expressed at once an impertinent desire to look into my mouth. I was never of a suspicious disposition, but this request seemed so similar in character to that which had heralded a black dose upon a previous occasion, that I declined it at once. No gift-horse, conscious of maturity, could have raised a more terrible discord than did I at the idea of such a liberty being taken with me; and in my bellowings, I unconsciously disclosed the very secret that was required of me. The very gentleman-like person smiled so perseveringly, that I got to be half convinced of his innocence; while my nurse—for my mother, with averted face, was dropping tear after tear into a china flower-vase by that time—completed his triumph by the following hypocritical and heartless remark: 'Now, Peter, dear, open thy mouth, and shut thy eyes, and see what Heaven will send it!'

At this adjuration, which was wont to be the introduction by which the coming joys of peppermint and barley-sugar were heightened, I lay back in the chair with my young mouth watering with expectation—and had a double tooth wrenched out from the back of my upper jaw! It was a necessary operation, and, if I know myself, I don't think it would ever have been effected by a more straightforward method; still, I was of opinion that the whole morning's work, from the coachey-poachey to the unrealised expectations from Providence, were practical deceptions of the basest character; until my father—whose views I have here adopted—assured me that they were nothing more than Euphemisms, and hastened my conviction with half-a-crown and a mixed biscuit.

The next occasion upon which I became a victim to this delicate classicism, was when a lad, at a great Public School. The form to which I belonged was about to conclude its labours in the long school-chamber; the clock was on the stroke which would liberate us for all that summer afternoon, when up strode a Preceptor—so denominated, perhaps, from the absurdity of his prematurely ecclesiastical white cravat—and withered my blithe spirit with these three simple syllables: 'Jones, to stay.' Never did spell of inimical Magician operate upon prosperous Prince with a more sudden or disastrous power. At sound of it, the visions which were thronging my young brain, of cooling river and grassy mead, dissolved upon the instant; in their place I beheld an inconvenient chamber, crowded with expectant faces, wearing that expression of delight which mortals are said to feel in the misfortunes of their friends; wave on wave, they surged away far back through the open doorway, and left a solemn void, a dreadful space, in the centre of the apartment. Therein stood a Doctor of Divinity in a long silk petticoat, with an enormous pudding-whipper in his hand, and presenting the appearance of a cook upon a Sunday, or of some old-fashioned lady who prefers to superintend in person the concoction of her own sweets; beside him stood a young male assistant, a classical scullion, whose anomalous mission it was to

lift linen and yet commit no robbery. Before these two stood a sombre object, resembling something between that instrument upon which Louis XVI. suffered death, and a pair of bedroom-steps. This was the Flogging Block, the sacrificial altar whereon those who disobeyed Eton's edicts were offered up every lawful day; and when Jones was told to 'stay,' he was in truth euphemistically given to understand, that in him it was awaiting its victim.

Thus, while Language, according to some authorities, is given to us to conceal our thoughts, the intention of Euphemism is to disguise our meaning.

'My Honourable Friend, if he will allow me to call him so,' is that gross misstatement of fact, that unprincipled truckler to a dishonest minister, the miscreant Figgins, who has secured the place which was to have been mine, and in whose company I would scarcely sit at the same festive table.

The 'fellow-citizen whom we have all seen growing up amongst us,' and who was 'one of our own selves' at the last Muddleborough election, had never been set eyes upon by his flowery proposer until the day of nomination; while his sole local connection with the place in question consisted in his having come to Muddleborough, which is an out-of-the-way spot enough, for the convenience of getting a certificate of bankruptcy, which he accomplished at a period of life when he could scarcely be said to be 'growing up' by even an eastern poet.

'My Learned Brother' is Tom Wiggins, who has just been called to the Bar, and knows rather less of English law than a Siamese of sherry-cobblers; while his 'impassioned and forcible appeal,' by which I beg the jury not to be led away, bore about the same relation to eloquence as a cat in walnut-shells upon the ice bears to ordinary walking.

When one scholar writes of another as being 'somewhat too rash a commentator,' he means that the man has the impertinence to substitute his own brass for the author's gold; that he is a classic liar who deserves to be struck quite literally; and whenever the word 'emendation' is made use of, we may be sure that term is meant to carry with it the full signification of 'forgery.'

'A good fellow at heart' is no more to be trusted than some obviously rotten apple which has had the same eulogium conferred upon it; and if it be added that 'he is nobody's enemy but his own,' the expression commonly describes a man who is so extraordinarily brutalised, that he is careless of himself as well as of others.

'A previous engagement' means, 'I should be bored to death if I found myself in your drawing-room;' or, 'I hate evening-parties;' or, 'Your wine is bad, and I hear nothing in your conversation to make up for it.'

'An amiable young man,' is a simpleton who commonly wears a waistcoat which was never a fast colour, and is very much washed out, while his mind is in a somewhat similar condition; and the same person is denominated by the more vulgar of his associates, a 'pump.'

Vulgarity has no Euphemisms; a 'whizzer' is not a more delicate form of expression than 'a man of genius,' nor 'a stunner' than 'a pretty girl.'

Crime, on the other hand, is very much averse to calling a spade a spade, or a crow-bar a crow-bar. It is accustomed to speak of one of the most formidable of known housebreaking implements under the endearing title of a 'jemmy;' while a watch is called a 'super,' perhaps as being the short for 'a superfluity;' and so expressing by its title a sort of palliation for appropriating those of others to ourselves.

When a gentleman of the criminal profession commits murder with a bludgeon, or strangles a belated

citizen by means of the garrotte, the newspapers are happy to report that the police have already a clue to the detection of the ruffian; his personal friends only express a fear that he will be 'wanted,' and when he is caught and condemned to death, or penal servitude, they speak of him euphemistically as being in 'trouble.' What set us thinking upon this eminently classical subject, was the following scene, which we were lately witnesses of at a certain medical dispensary.

A young woman of delicate appearance was making application for some medicine.

'You look very pale, my good girl,' observed the tender-hearted young practitioner.

'I have only come from my confinement three weeks,' replied she.

It might have been the sun shining upon him through the medium of a gigantic red bottle in the window, but if it was not, the tender-hearted young practitioner was blushing violently.

'I don't think you should come out in the cold so soon,' observed he, rebukingly; 'and where have you left your baby?'

'Oh, please sir, I have not got a baby.'

The tender-hearted young practitioner became of an unripe plum colour at having thus inadvertently hurt the young woman's feelings.

'Ah, dear me,' said he, 'so the poor little thing died, did it?'

'No, sir,' explained the young woman, hanging down her head; 'I mean I have only just come out of prison, sir, in consequence of "a mistake" about some clothes.'

THE USE OF THE RIFLE.

At a time like the present, when *rifle-clubs*, *rifle-volunteers*, *riflemen*, and *rifles*, are matters which occupy the minds of some million of individuals, it may be as well to turn our thoughts to the practical and efficient use of the weapon.

To shoot is one thing; to kill, is another. When we shoot, we like to kill, or at least to hit what we fire at. If the target should happen to be some impertinent invader of our country, we admit that we should entertain a desire to lodge a neatly formed conical bullet just between the fifth and sixth rib on the left side of the said intruder. This wish does not arise from a blood-thirsty or unforgiving spirit, but from the feeling that invaders would be fair game; and also, that we should probably, by our act, save many innocent people from being slaughtered, or from receiving even worse treatment.

Perhaps one of the greatest anomalies in war is that the introduction of very deadly weapons appears to make a battle a less dangerous affair than when such simple articles as battle-axes or bows and arrows were the most destructive arms. This may result from the same cause which makes two skillful pugilists frequently decide who is the better man without either of them receiving much punishment; while two chawbacons cannot have a 'set-to' without serious damages resulting to both parties. Advancement in the science of war would appear to render it unnecessary that two generals should enter upon such vulgar details as actually to kill each other's men. Almost all the principal movements and manœuvres of an army would be made under the fire of riflemen; consequently, the effective use of this arm might turn the tide either in the direction of victory or defeat, before the main bodies had commenced to engage.

We will now state to what points the attention of that individual should be directed who is desirous of becoming skilled in a weapon which ought to be

considered the national arm, or who, in the event of his entering upon a warlike field, would be desirous that more than one bullet out of two hundred should prove to be effective. It is not, as too many appear to believe, the simple act of pulling a trigger and making a noise with a gun, which causes defeat to an enemy; it is the true calculation of line, elevation, and distance which may make one man, as far as shooting and killing are concerned, equal to ten others. Much more is required to make a good shot than is usually supposed. It is true that, after a short time, a man may be able to hit a target at a certain distance very frequently; but let even the locality be altered, and the state of weather changed, and he will find a great difference in his results. What sportsman has not found that his companion could shoot much better alone than in company? How frequently do we notice that the fear of a second shot causes us to miss our bird! When, however, our bird is a man, and he probably moving and possessed of a weapon, it is then that a man should be an expert marksman, and not when he has a simple target to fire at. It is a fact, therefore, that true shooting is as much the result of a moral training over the nerves, as a physical one over the weapon.

The mere average soldier must be an indifferent marksman, and unless more time and trouble be taken with his training, the full power of the present improved weapons will not be shewn forth. Above all things, 'practice' must be had, and practice under, if possible, trying circumstances. The rifleman must be taught never to throw away a shot, and also, that the great secret in shooting is to be calm, and to hold the weapon truly just at the instant that the cock strikes the cap; for it is impossible to maintain an aim. It is but an instant that the rifle points truly; at that instant the cock must strike the cap. We have watched many hundred novices, and even expert marksmen, and the usual cause of failure we have found to be, that whilst the nerves have been moved to pull the trigger, then instantly has the muzzle been slightly elevated or depressed—a short distance, it is true—say only the $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch; but if the barrel be thirty inches long, and the distance 300 yards, this is sufficient to make the bullet miss its man by a full yard.

Where it is possible, a rest should be obtained for the rifle; and a very simple one is obtained by grasping the ramrod firmly with the left hand, placing the ramrod on the ground vertically, and resting the rifle upon the upper part of the hand. Where any hedge, tree, or other object permits, a rest should be obtained, and much better shots can then be made. This applies to what we may call steady shooting; but there is another kind, which is much better known to the sportsman than to the soldier, and which we may call 'from-eye-to-hand shooting.' When soldiers are taught to shoot, they are usually directed to shut the left eye. This is perhaps necessary for long and steady shots such as those at a target; but for closer and more difficult shooting, the eye should not be closed. Let an individual who has had experience in rabbit, snipe, or buck shooting think how his most deadly shots have been made, and he will undoubtedly say 'with both eyes open,' and not looking along the gun, but straight at the object.

It may be doubted whether, considering the weapons, we are yet as perfect in the use of the rifle as our forefathers were with the cloth-yard shaft. Most of us have used the bow and arrow, and all, probably, thrown a stone or ball. In both these cases, we work from 'hand to eye;' the eye directs, and the hand obeys, not by casting the stone or the arrow in a direct line from the eye to the object, but from the hand to the object. It is in this description of shooting that Englishmen excel all other nations,

and it would be in this, in a smart affair at close quarters, that Englishmen would be victorious.

To enable a man to shoot well and with rapidity, it is also necessary that *his gun should fit him*; the stock which suits the length of arm of one man may be very inconvenient for another; and it is only in quick shooting that we can tell how our stock does fit us.

When an individual totally unaccustomed to firearms is desirous of becoming an expert marksman, he should, upon procuring a weapon, seek every opportunity to carry it about with him, and to handle it. The rifle ought to be, as it were, part and parcel of ourselves; we ought to feel awkward without it, and we should frequently practise bringing it up to our shoulder, turning sharp to the right or left, and at the same time pressing it so well against the shoulder that we might fire a shot instantly. Very good practice may be had with merely blowing out candles with a percussion-cap and no powder. The candles may be placed in a room large enough to enable us to move about; then, by turning and wheeling quickly, we may obtain some expertness in a species of snap-shooting. Even the snapping of a cap will help us to stand steady and without winking when we pull the trigger. The greatest attention should also be paid to placing the feet firmly on the ground, so that the body is perfectly steady; the left foot ought to be advanced nearly three feet, and the toes should point towards the object aimed at; the toes of the right foot ought to point at right angles to the direction of the others; the body steadily supported by the two legs, the weight being neither entirely on the one nor on the other. Many a man has missed his mark in consequence of not standing his ground firmly. When walking over rough ground, or after running some distance, it requires practice to enable a man to pull up, stand firm, and make a good shot at once. Nothing but the perpetual handling of the weapon, and the confidence which a man thus gains, can ever qualify him to be an able and practical rifleman.

To throw a bullet some 1400 yards into a mass of troops is no great achievement, and it is an occupation which a rifleman is not likely to enjoy often or with impunity. An enemy would possess riflemen also, would immediately launch them against those attacking him, and then would come the advantage of the quick hand and the true eye; for if a party of skirmishers should be driven in, or, as they ought to be, exterminated, the first blow would be gained; the attention of the riflemen might then be turned to picking off the artillerymen or preventing the formation of bodies of troops; but to gain first blood would certainly be the good-fortune of those who could load and fire the quickest, aim the truest, and obtain for themselves the best cover.

One principal point to which the rifleman should pay attention is the effect which the wind has over his bullet, and consequently how much he ought to allow for a cross wind. In long distances, this allowance would be something considerable.

Too much care cannot be taken of the rifle and of the ammunition, and also of the loading of the weapon. Before loading, a little loose powder ought to be exploded with a cap, to insure the barrels and nipples being clear. Then load with powder and ball, taking care that the bullet is well pressed home. The capping should be the last process, every care being taken that the caps fit well, and are not likely to be knocked off. On all occasions, after the rifle has been loaded, the hammer ought to be at 'half-cock'; and when passing through woods, or climbing over hedges, &c., it would be advisable, if certain that no enemy was near, to uncap the rifle. Anyway, an occasional look at the hammer should be given, to

observe if by chance it had been dragged to the full-cock. Too much precaution cannot be used in these matters. Even amongst experienced sportsmen, scarcely a season passes but we hear of some unfortunate individual either killed or maimed by his friend and shooting companion. An accident is much more likely to happen amongst those who have not been accustomed to carry dangerous weapons. There is also a habit to which some individuals, whose intellectual faculties are dormant, are very much given, of trifling with firearms. We have frequently seen, at ball-practice amongst the men, some two or three of the rear-rank calmly standing gazing about them with their weapons loaded and at full-cock. Without referring to the probability of immediate accidents, let us tell what might, and probably would result on service from such an apparent trifle.

A party of one hundred of the enemy are stationed in a village where they never dream of being attacked. It is true that soldiers ever are on the alert; and these men have their sentries placed, and all arranged to guard against surprise.

There is, however, one side of the village to which an approach might be made unobserved; and an able campaigner has from a neighbouring hill noted this.

Now for volunteers. One hundred of the enemy are in the village of —; who will volunteer to cut them off at daybreak to-morrow? Eighty men at once step forth as willing and anxious. All is arranged. The party, covered by night, will approach to within two or three hundred yards of the village; they will then enter a water-course, and at daylight, will creep towards the village; and then for a rush. The most perfect silence is enforced, for a word above a whisper, and all might be lost. Now the party are concealed within two hundred yards of the village, and the light is just beginning to appear. One or two sounds have alarmed the attacking-party, some of whom have cocked their rifles to be in readiness. One volunteer, whom we will call Mr Smith, forgets to uncock his rifle. Now it is time to creep forward one hundred and fifty yards more, and then a surprise, that great worker of miracles, will be accomplished. The words are whispered 'Move on;' each man grasps his weapon, and with head low, stealthily proceeds. Suddenly, from the midst of the party, comes the report of a rifle, and high in the air is the whir of the harmless bullet. 'What is it?' 'What's to be done?' are the questions. No time to think; so 'Charge on them' is the word, and up jump the eighty volunteers to rush upon the village; but they are a hundred or two yards from it; and men of war are quick to assemble when danger is expected. Before, therefore, the eighty braves have entered the village, they are saluted by a volley from fifty rifles, which droops some thirty men. A scattered fire answers the volley, and a good English cheer; but two to one are long odds, and only half a dozen of the brave eighty return to tell the tale of the failure. 'How did it happen?' would be asked. 'What a failure;' 'What an unfortunate plan,' would be remarked. Few would ever know the real cause of failure; for the result is generally enough for most people. Let us take the liberty to ascertain, and we discover that it was merely a bramble caught the trigger of Mr Smith's rifle, he having forgotten to uncock it in his eagerness. That was all. No fault of Mr Smith's; only an accident.

Now, let us ask those who have had to do with these matters, whether, in their own experience, they have not known many similar cases. An Indian, a Caffre, or a Hottentot would never make such a mistake. These accidents usually take place amongst those whose lives have been passed in what is called civilisation, and who are too often indisposed to pay

sufficient attention to what they consider trifling matters.

Every care should be taken to keep the rifle from wet or damp, when the weapon is likely to be required for use. After it has been loaded for some time, the old caps should be taken off, the nipples pricked, fresh, fine grain-powder poured into the nipple, and new caps put on. If we have any doubt about whether or not our weapon would explode when we pull the trigger, we never fire with the confidence which we ought. When an opportunity offers, and we have carried a loaded weapon for some time, we should try with the ramrod whether the bullet be well 'home.' If there be any distance between the bullet and the powder, or the charge become displaced, either the bursting of the barrel, or a misfire, might result. In short, a rifleman ought to take as much care of his rifle as of his child.

The principal points to which attention should be given with regard to the rifle are: 1. To be able to handle it freely; 2. To be able to shoot with it truly; 3. Always to have it in working-order, and ready for immediate use. Care must of course be taken that the ammunition and caps are preserved dry. A rifleman with damp ammunition and non-explosive caps, is but a poor defender of his hearth and home.

To judge distance accurately, practice is essential. There are a number of set rules by which a man is supposed to be able to tell at what distance an object is from him. We can merely remark, that however good these rules may be in theory, they certainly are not very available in practice. There are some matters to which there is no royal road, and judging distance is one of these. Each man must make for himself his scale by which to judge. There are, however, methods of proceeding in teaching one's self, which, if unacquainted with, we may waste much time; a few hints, therefore, upon the subject of judging distance may be useful.

In the school of musketry, men are taught to estimate the distance of a man by taking note of the size and appearance of objects at certain known distances; an individual is taught to observe what difference he discerns in the appearance of men at the several distances, taking into account the position of the sun, the state of the atmosphere, &c. At certain distances the features may be distinguished; at others, the colour of the clothes; and so on. This is a great step, and in the right direction; for what is the use of possessing a weapon which will, when given the proper elevation, strike an object at 1000 yards' distance, when the holder of that weapon knows not whether the object be at 700 or 1400 yards!

From our own experience, we have found the estimation of distance by means of the 'man-scale,' as it may be called, somewhat fallacious in practice, especially when the ground is very hilly, or when a deep ravine was between us and the object. The most accurate method we have found to be to calculate by hundreds of yards. We can, without any considerable error, estimate 50 yards, for we may throw a stone, or employ any simple method to obtain accurately this distance. Few men who have ever played cricket fail in judging immediately whether the wickets are at a greater or less distance than 22 yards. If, then, we fix upon any part of the ground in our front as at the distance of 22 yards, then double this distance, and add 6 yards more, the 50 yards can be estimated to within a very little. Take, again, another distance equal to this 50, and we have 100 yards. When we are merely taking a walk in the country, we may, by estimating first, and pacing afterwards, become, in two hours, expert judges of 100 yards. When we can estimate that, we have accomplished much,

for we can make steps, as it were, of 100 yards each towards an object the distance of which is required, and we shall soon find that we can work up to 700 or 800 yards without any very considerable error. We can compare this method of proceeding with the 'man-scale' method, and after giving each a fair trial, find which gives the best result; we may also keep the one as a check against the other. For longer distances, such as from 1000 to 2000 yards, we shall find both plans convenient; but in a country such as England, the ordnance maps are of the greatest convenience. If the commander of a party of volunteers were, as he ought to be, provided with a map, he could give the distances of the various roads, buildings, &c., as a guide to his men. When riflemen take up a position which they mean to hold, it is not a bad plan to place split sticks, in which is a piece of paper, at distances of 100 yards, in the direction by which an enemy is expected to approach: these should be visible from the position, and will aid the marksmen. They are not likely to be of any service to the enemy, who would probably not observe them; or if he did, would not know for what purpose they were so arranged. Sometimes it may be found useful to have some marks made on a piece of wood to indicate what size a man at various distances assumes upon it, the wood being held at arms-length.

The velocity at which sound travels is 1140 feet per second, and the knowledge of this enables us to judge distances. Should a gun be fired at us, we may count the seconds, by means of a watch, between the flash and the report. If we have no watch, we may beat time by whistling a quick march, and then multiply the number of beats by 210; the product will be a close approximation in yards to the distance of the object.

As it is difficult to estimate the fraction of a second, we use here round numbers, so as to be enabled to multiply *visâ voce* without difficulty.

If we counted 12 between the flash and report, then $210 \times 12 = 2520$ yards, for the distance: 21 being the coming-of-age period, is easily remembered. It is not always the amount of knowledge which we may possess that is so very useful, but it is the bringing of our knowledge to market at the right time.

We would again point out that even to judge distance accurately, will make a rifleman more efficient than the knowledge of a variety of military manoeuvres.

Practice and self-confidence will, as in shooting, be the only roads to proficiency in this matter. But when we see how various are the opportunities of gaining practice in these matters, and how these are neglected, we naturally meditate and feel surprised at the trifling objects which appear to so totally engross the minds of even professional soldiers.

A ROUND-ABOUT STORY.

I HAD good and sufficient reasons for accompanying Jones and his sister last long vacation on their continental tour. What they were, I decline confiding to any bosom but my own; nor, indeed, have they any bearing on the following pages. I also decline entering into any particulars with any person or persons as to my reasons for abruptly quitting them at Cologne, when we had been but ten days together, and on the very evening following that on which Guy Plantagenet of the 14th Penny Royals joined us. At that city, our routes in life diverged. They were bound, forsooth, to the baths, to mingle with the empty, giddy throng of fashion, here, there, and everywhere—to dance and play the fool in any open booth of Vanity Fair! Bah! I had thought better of them. For me, I wanted to be alone with

nature—to beard the lion in his lair, to climb the eagle's eyrie, to breast the floods—above all, to walk fiercely straight on anywhere.

In this peculiar frame of mind, which I am now at a loss to comprehend, I need not say that all those travelling elegances which I had bought for the occasion became worse than useless; so, leaving all my *impedimenta* in care of the good landlord of the Three Kings, I slung my knapsack over my shoulders, pulled my cap over my brows, took my staff in my hand, and strode off into the gathering shades. Now you can understand how it was that some time afterwards I entered Strasbourg dull, dusty, and travel-soiled, with my head throbbing to bursting, and a burning fever raging in my veins.

Have you ever been in Strasbourg? But, indeed, you might know it well without remembering the *auberge* dignified by the title of 'the Hôtel de l'Ecu.' It has fallen from its first estate, which was doubtless that of some well-to-do burgher, when the town flourished as an imperial city of the German empire; and going down a graduated scale of changing fortune, has at last settled into a house where the better class of journeymen drop in after the labour of the day to smoke the pipe of peace over black beer, or *schnapps*, and where the student or workman may sojourn for the night, and refresh themselves as they go upon their way. It stands a little back from the quiet street, and is shaded pleasantly enough by a row of lime-trees, under which, as I approached, sat the national cap and blouse, as they might have done any time these two hundred years. I say 'national' advisedly, for do what you will with Strasbourg, you can never make it anything but German. From the tiles of the houses to the paving-stones, and from the broad-faced phlegmatic men to the flaxen-haired, funny little children that stand knitting in the doorways, all are positively and unmistakably—not French.

It all looked very pleasant after the sultry, dusty length of road that I had travelled—the long shadows cast by the trees, in which a faint breeze rustled; the open window of a chamber in the gable above, where a white curtain suggested sweet repose; the group of smokers upon the benches without, indulging in the *dolce far niente* of the north; a pleasant matron, who stood upon the threshold with a small bundle of humanity in her arms: all this, I say, told me at a glance that I need proceed no further. It was indeed fortunate for me that I was brought to a halt in such comfortable quarters, for it was August when I went to bed, and October when I got up. There I lay with the fever-weight upon me, not able even to tell my name, raving in a strange tongue, and at the mercy of those around me.

I awoke with a consciousness of weakness, which, as I lay there so still, was not altogether distressing. I could only look round very slowly at one thing at a time, and did not, even at first, feel wonder where I was. I was aware of sunshine coming in through the half-closed blind, and of everything being very white, and neat, and orderly; so, by degrees carrying my languid glance around, it arrived and rested upon a figure, whereupon I began to ruminate. It was so still and placid as it sat there, with the sunshine upon it, that dimly upon my weakened mind it suggested strange fancies. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'I am asleep, and that strange thing is a dream—a recollection of some picture I have seen long ago; or perhaps it is a picture that I look at; or perhaps I am dead. I cannot move. I am certainly dead, and there sits the angel of the tomb.' She was decidedly not got up in the approved costume of the seraphic host, for she was but a woman of some thirty-five or forty years, habited in the black dress of a religious order, who sat there at her sewing; but there was something so calm and

saintly about her face, and so placid, even to monotony, about the movements of her long white fingers, that her whole appearance favoured the idea of holy repose, rather than conveyed the energy of real life. So I watched and waited—I was too weak for impatience—for her to look up, and still, like some ingenious automaton, she plied her busy fingers. The first break was when she rounded some corner of her work, which must have been a passage of import, for, first of all it had to be adjusted with pins, and then trimmed with scissors, and then tacked with a long thread. It was altogether evidently a piece of fine and delicate mechanism, and afforded me intense pleasure to observe. There was, to begin with, the coaxing the thread into the needle, which was no easy matter, I can tell you; for it first of all clumsily and bluntly would not enter, until subjected to a vast amount of knowing discipline between the finger and thumb of its mistress; and then, when it had absolutely taken a minute possession, and she thought she had it all her own way, it obstinately refused to budge an inch in either direction, in a manner that would have tried the temper of any sempstress on record, Penelope herself included; and at last, when she had given it up in despair, as if mollified by the good temper and perseverance of its wielder, it suddenly relaxed and resigned itself to the duties of life with an exemplary repentance.

At this particular time, and during the next few minutes, there was a sense of importance, and an anxiety upon the countenance of my guardian angel, which assured me she was at some critical point; so it was with a feeling of relief that I saw the pinched-in lips expand, the compressed brow relax, and the garment held out at arm's-length, as if she now might pause to contemplate the effect, and allow herself the enjoyment of her skill. Indeed, now that the difficulty was mastered, and that the tension of my sympathies was loosened, I could not myself repress a long sigh of relief. In an instant, the work was cast aside, and the *béguine* by my pillow, her kind eyes looking into mine.

'Monsieur is better,' said she, with her cool fingers upon my wrist. Now, I fear the recollection of all the good-breeding wherein I had been nurtured must have entirely deserted me on this emergency, for the words in which my reply was couched came forth in my pipy, shaky voice, in a phrase of the metropolitan *gamin*—'Who are you?' However, perhaps, after all, it did not much matter, seeing that I spoke English, whereas she used a French *patois*, and that universal language which a woman's tone, and look, and gentle hand conveys all over the world to her sick charge.

But I will not detain you in my invalid chamber, where good Sister Josephine kept me company until she fairly set me up on my legs, thin and trembling though they were. We had many a talk and argument about things that perhaps I had no business to suggest to the quiet little woman. I somehow did not quite believe in her happiness, and wanted to bring her to confess that she was trying to cheat herself. I have since thought this was both ungracious and ungrateful; but she always smiled in the same way, and shook her head as she said she wished 'Monsieur was as happy in his heart.' Then—confront me for a blockhead!—what had I to do with the pope and the council of Trent? or Luther and the Huguenots? or why should I have been such a hard-hearted heathen as to laugh at her little relic of a bit of the wood of the true cross which she wore at her breast?

'Josephine,' said I, 'do you know, you silly woman, there's enough of that in the relics of your church to build a man-of-war?'

'Eh bien,' said she, with a little shrug; 'and may

not *le bon Dieu* make for that a miracle as for the loaves and fish?

But she took it all in good part, only, I believe, praying the more earnestly for my conversion to her faith. Nor had we ever a shadow of a difference until one day, when I was laughing at the laws and restrictions of her order. 'Why,' said I, 'tis a shame to make a nun of such a dear, kind, clever creature as you. You ought to have had your own bright home, and your fine husband sitting by your hearth, with your children around his knees; perhaps one nearly as big and tiresome as this idle fellow here that you have been such a good mother to!' As I saw the bright colour rush over her face, succeeded by a pallor like that of death, I would have given worlds to recall the unkind, thoughtless words; but the discipline of years told, and she, with a little shiver, settled down into her ordinary serenity. I stammered out a few words, to which she only replied with her usual, 'Monsieur is very good;' and so it all ended, except that that night, when she thought I slept, she addressed herself to her beads long and earnestly. I afterwards heard from my landlady poor sister Josephine's cruel story; but this is no place for it.

I had finished my chicken with a voracity that made even my good nurse smile to see; the hearth, for it was an open fireplace, was swept, and the afternoon log burnt brightly. I had done all sorts of wonderful things that day: had written to my friends; had gone over all my bills; had found, on examination of the contents of my pocket, that I was just short of the demands upon me by three hundred and ten francs, six centimes. I could get money by allowing for the delay in writing for it, but I wanted it immediately; that is to say, my host, who was but a poor man, wanted it immediately, and I myself was all impatience to buy a heap of things—presents for the good woman and the children below, and something '*pour les pauvres*,' as Josephine said, with her imploring eyes. It was no use to give her anything for herself; in fact, she was the only woman I have ever known, young or old, proof against the temptation of a bonnet—perhaps because she didn't wear one. So I was all anxiety to get into funds at once, and brought me of consulting my friend.

'Josephine, you dear old soul!' said I, 'what am I to do for money?'

'*Pour l'argent!* Has not monsieur enough to pay?'

'No, indeed; monsieur owes three hundred and ten francs, six centimes. Monsieur must go to prison.'

'Comment! to prison! Has not, then, monsieur money in his home? Are not *les bons Anglais* very rich?'

'O yes, Josephine, plenty of money at home, but that's not here. Is there any man of business, a banker, a Jew—any one that I could explain to?'

She brightened up in an instant.

'O yes; there was Monsieur Fritz Lenoir, Sans Chasseur, in the Rue St Dominique; he was good man—very—good to the poor.'

This was always her standard of excellence. So it was arranged that the next day I, being now comparatively strong and able-bodied, should call upon Monsieur Fritz, and explain to him all that was so unintelligible to the good woman.

My toilet, on this important occasion, took a long time, and was carried on by instalments from breakfast to luncheon, for it was the first time I had been abroad since my illness. Notwithstanding all Josephine's flannels and wraps, my clothes hung upon me much as they would depend from a peg in a wardrobe, and had a strange airy feel about them, as if they had belonged to somebody else; even my shoes had become too large; and my cap slid down over my eyes. It was what poor Hood would have called 'a skeleton suit.' When it was all accomplished, she

brought me over the little mirror to contemplate the effect, in which she evidently took no little pride.

'*Regardez*,' said she. I had not seen myself before, and certainly required some stronger identification than that of recognition, for, after examining my lineaments with curious interest for some minutes, I felt impelled to laugh at the strange, white, hollow face, and was then as irresistibly inclined to cry. I think this latter attack of weakness came on me with the thought of home. I do not mean my wretched bachelor lodgings, but that place which mother and sisters make home to a man, even long after he has gray hairs, and his own roof-tree above him.

Behold me, then, fortified by some wonderful cordial condiment which was only to be partaken of at the last moment of setting forth, wrapped in a fine red woollen shawl of madam's, and supported by a stick, walking slowly down the sunny side of the street, until very warm, and in a great tremble, I, according to my instructions, arrive at a high garden-wall, and knock at a gate on which is inscribed the legend, 'Bureau, M. Fritz Lenoir.' My summons was replied to by a little flaxen-haired maiden, who informed me, in a hybrid tongue, that 'Monsieur was busy, and could not see strangers: this was not his day for business.'

'But,' said I, as much from the desperation of wanting to sit down as anything, 'I must see him. I have come on particular business; I cannot come again.'

While we were thus arguing, I had advanced through the half-opened door, and found myself in the neatest and brightest of gardens, at the extremity of which a little fat man walked, smoking his pipe amongst his flowers, with the air of a master who is well to do in the world.

'Very well; he is there,' said the blue petticoat, sulkily leaving me to make my way, and state my case for myself.

It is an awkward thing to introduce one's self, still more so for the purpose of asking a favour, and most of all, when even your resources of physical support under the emergency are gone. It was an unpleasant position enough; indeed, in every way he held me at vantage, for instead of advancing to meet me, he kept his ground with the utmost nonchalance, now stooping to pluck up a weed or admire a flower, without evidencing any consciousness of my approach. This was far from encouraging; and fancying that my companion's instinct warned him of the nature of my errand, I fell, as a matter of course, into the sheepishness of a petitioner.

'Ehem!' said I at his elbow.

He turned, and without removing his pipe, nodded gravely.

'I have come, monsieur, from the Hôtel de l'Ecu. I live there; at least, I have been there for some time. I have been very ill, away from my friends. I am an Englishman. Sister Josephine, from the convent of St Catherine, who nursed me, has told me you are a man of business.' (I paused between each of my sentences, hoping he would help me out; but his share in the conversation was confined to a slight elevation of the eyebrows, and a puff.) 'I am expecting remittances from England; but in the meantime require an advance. Understanding you, monsieur, to be in this way, I have called to make the proposition.'

I had now finished my speech, and had nothing more to say.

With the utmost deliberation, the pipe was removed, its ash knocked out, and his broad brown hand, with slow imperturbability, smoothed down his beard. 'You want money,' at last said the oracle, not making any interrogation, but laying it down as a satisfactory demonstration, in a deep gruff voice.

'I do.'

'How much?'

'Five hundred francs.'

'Where are the securities?'

'The security—well, it is personal security; but I only require a temporary advance—at the furthest, for a fortnight.'

All this time, my companion had been examining me from behind the pipe he had resumed, at first somewhat suspiciously, but afterwards with a sort of grim, stolid pity, as he contemplated the personal security of my wasted figure.

'You are very weak,' said he, in the same oracular tone; 'you shall come into my house, and take a cordial. I know what is right.'

There was no disputing the fact of his correct judgment, for, another moment, and I verily believe I should have fainted. Everything was turning round; the flowers had all mixed into an indistinguishable mass. I had barely consciousness left to totter after him into the house, and drink something that was held to me. 'You should be in bed. Aha! I know what is right.'

I was now able to look about me, and saw that I was in a large and handsome apartment, which, at a glance, told of substantial comfort, and which was occupied by a very old woman sitting beside the fire. 'That's my mother,' said Monsieur Fritz, following the direction of my eyes; 'she is ninety years old. She is a wonderful woman. Aha! she has her wits about her, I can tell you; talks just like a book, only easier to understand.' The old lady, who had been in a sort of doze, intuitively comprehending that her cue was come, here roused herself, and looked at me and at her son alternately, as if demanding some explanation of my presence. 'It is an Englishman, mother,' said my host; 'he is very ill, and rests here before he goes on his way. I have given him some of Gretchen's bottle to comfort him.'

'Poor child,' said the old lady, talking to herself; 'he is very thin and white. Fritz was right—Fritz is always right—Gretchen's bottle was right. And so young, poor child! Can you speak French, sir?'

This was said with bland politeness, in perfect unconsciousness that I had overheard the soliloquy.

'Yes, madame, and I am happy that it thus affords me the opportunity of making my compliments to so charming an old lady.'

'Monsieur does not speak like an Englishman. (*Aside:* He is very well-bred.) Ah, sir, if you had seen me in my young days, you would have said to me fine things. The young men said to me: "Mademoiselle, you are a rose and a pearl." Ah, they were very polite then! But I am now an old woman, sir; I am ninety. I am of no use to any one but my little boy, Fritz: he is a very good child—he will miss me when I am gone.'

He was standing close beside her chair, a little thickest, squat, elderly man, sheepishly enough, to hear himself commended, as he might have done any time these fifty years; but, somehow, the effect was not ludicrous; it did not even become so when the old lady, roused to a sense of some imaginary wrongs, began to bemoan herself, and commenced crying over her grievances. It was an awkward position for a stranger. I gathered myself up, and rose to depart, but in an instant, her sense of hospitality was touched. 'Do not go yet, sir,' said she; 'rest yourself; you seem to be very weak: give him another glass of Gretchen's bottle, Fritz. Gretchen was little Fritz's nurse, sir. She has been dead a great many years: we must all die; but she was a young woman—she was not seventy. We were girls together when I was like that—not a poor, old, helpless woman, sir, an incumbrance to every one.'

The 'that,' accompanied by an indication of the

shaky head, pointed my attention to a picture I had already observed hanging above the fire. It was but a poor performance, in point of art; but what it wanted in that respect was made up for by the extent of canvas covered, the brilliancy of the hues employed, and by the real interest and beauty of the subject, which not even the artist had been able to obliterate. A young girl of extreme beauty was represented habited in a costume of the last century, standing in a grove of trees, and holding a shoe and stocking, while one foot was bare. The painter had gone bravely to work upon the principle of strong contrast and no middle tints, while utterly ignoring the received notions of perspective. Thus, the background was one green mass mapped out into leaves like a wall-paper, against which the bright-red petticoat and blue sash came out with the most admirable disregard for rules. Look where you would in the room, you could never lose sight of it: turn your back boldly, and lo! it arose in a mirror at the opposite side. No wonder I should have noticed it!

'That is my portrait,' said the old woman; 'done in the year '82, by the celebrated Herr Grumbleblitz.'

'Wonderful colouring,' said Monsieur Fritz. 'Aha! I am a judge of pictures.'

Here was a chance for my money; I could compliment the whole family of the Lenoirs at a breath. I became riveted before it with delight. I advanced a step—then retreated—assumed the true connoisseur bearing of my head to one side—discovered an imaginary fault, and frowned—saw my error, and smiled—at length ventured to speak.

'A most remarkable work.'

All this time Madame Lenoir had been, with the greatest antipathy, and the most lively interest, examining it herself, while her son was gravely contemplating the effect upon my face.

'A truly remarkable work!' I repeated. 'Such breadth! such gorgeous colouring! such handling! such a subject!'

'Thank you, sir,' said the old woman. 'Yes, it was very like me; you would not think so now, but it was. Herr Grumbleblitz took great trouble about it; he was two years living with us while he painted it. Poor man, he is dead; but he has great fame. Ah! it is a curious story.'

She was evidently on thorns until she secured a new listener, an event now, I suppose, in her monotonous way of life, and Monsieur Fritz afforded her the amusement.

'My mother will tell you about it,' said he. 'I will come again. You shall rest. Aha! I know what is good for sick people.'

So saying, and recommending me to the old lady's attention by a jerk of his pipe, he left us together, and betook himself to the smooth gravel-walk, where we could see him pacing amongst his flowers, with a grave contemplative air, worthy of the individual who knew so well what was right. Madame had brightened up amazingly—had become quite vivacious.

'Oh, monsieur does not care to hear an old woman's stupid story; perhaps it would not interest him.'

'Indeed, madame, I am all anxiety. I hope madame's great kindness will not disappoint me.'

'Well, sir, as you so much wish, you shall hear. I was born in this town, and have always lived in it. I was married to a townsman, and here my son Fritz was born. I hope I shall die in it, and be buried with my friends. My father was a very respectable man, and a member of the town-council. I remember, as a child, his going to the *mairie* in his scarlet gown, all trimmed with fur, and wearing his fine gold chain. He was a great linen-weaver, and used to employ

whole families, and was thought to be a rich man. People in those days were more prudent than they are now, sir. My father used himself to work at the loom; and my mother would go about the house from morning till night, without thinking of fine clothes or company, except on Sundays and holidays, when she went abroad with my father. I was the youngest of their children, and was born when they were elderly people, so I was a great darling; the others had all died, except one son, who was years older than I. My brother was at the same trade with my father; but he was a wild thoughtless fellow, and got amongst a fine gay set, who taught him to look down upon his business and his home; he would absent himself for weeks together, and then come back, sulkily refusing to say a word of explanation. My parents tried all methods with him, but anger or kindness was just the same, and we lived in perpetual misery and fear: indeed, I am sure that his wicked, reckless conduct broke my poor mother's heart, for she took to her bed and died without any particular complaint. What with her loss, and Albert's disobedience, my father was a great deal broken, and was obliged to neglect his affairs, which soon fell into disorder, although he always kept up the credit of his ancestors; and the neighbours would sooner have trusted to him than to a bank full of money. He doted on me, notwithstanding I was but a silly girl, with my head stuffed full of my own beauty, and all my lovers—for I was very handsome, sir. They used to say I was the prettiest maid in all Strasbourg; and when any new officer came to the garrison, they always made some excuse to come to the house to see me. I did not care for any of them; but I used to like to see their fine coats come down the street, and to hear the jingling of their spurs on the pavement, because of our neighbour opposite, the notary's son, who had been my playfellow, and who used, I knew, to sit behind the blind at his desk, watching every one that came in and out. When we were children, the neighbours said that we should one day be married; but as we grew up, he became shy, and I used to laugh at him, so that we were not very good friends, and I liked to tease him better than anything else in the world. I was now a young woman, but very thoughtless and gay, and still I loved my father dearly, and tried to make him forget his trouble about Albert, who was just as bad as ever.

"I was sitting one day at the open window, singing at my work, just to vex Carl, when my father came in, looking so sorrowful, that I knew directly something was the matter. "Elizabeth, my child," said he, "we are ruined—our good name is gone, and we shall be a by-word and disgrace in the place where we were born. It is well that your poor mother did not live to see this day." It is no good for me to trouble you with a long story, so I will only say that my wicked brother had brought this new sorrow upon us. He had been going on in a desperate way of extravagance for a long time, and taking advantage of my father's age and weakness in every way, but he had never done so bad a deed as this before. The way of it was this, sir: My father had a large sum of money belonging to his guild in his hands, and Albert had, by forging his name, got it from the bank, and gone off with it, no one knew where. This money would be demanded on a certain day about a month distant, and our good honest reputation for ever forfeited if it could not be produced; for no one would believe, said my father, from the state of his own affairs, that he did not know all about it from the first. Well, sir, we cried, and talked, and thought of everything; but the only hope we could fix on was, that a sister of my father's, who was a rich widow, living in Paris, might lend it to us, for the sake of the family. We none of us

knew much about her, but it was the last chance; so, after a great many plans, it was settled that I should set off by the diligence next morning, and go to her. It was not the fashion then to trust much to the post, for we used to get letters very seldom, and people always did their business themselves, although journeys were long and dangerous, and not taken except for very important reasons. It was a great undertaking for a young creature who had never been outside her own town; but there was no help for it, as my father could not possibly go; besides, I had plenty of spirit, and, I suppose, rather liked the idea of the adventure. In a few hours after, my place was taken, my intended journey was noised abroad, and all the neighbours were full of curiosity about it. We said that I was going unexpectedly to see my aunt; but there was a vast deal of envy and spite amongst them. Poor Carl stood at his window, and walked up and down before the house all day, but I never noticed him; young girls are such silly things, sir, and never like a young man to know the truth. I only just nodded to him as I stood at the gate, and said: "Good-by, Carl; see what a fine husband I shall bring home from Paris."

"Well, I won't trouble you with all my adventures. I got to town very well, and found out my aunt, who was very glad to see me, and who would have liked me to stay with her all my life. I had a fine time. I saw the king's palace, and the poor queen—she that was afterwards beheaded—walking with her children in the gardens; and we went to the theatres, and saw all the grand sights; until at last it only wanted four days to the time when the money had to be paid, and the journey took three; so off I started in great joy, carrying the sum in bank-notes with me. At this time, the roads were extremely dangerous, being full of robbers. It was seldom that a diligence was not stopped on its way, and all travellers brought home stories of their dangers or escapes; so, to secure my treasure, my aunt and I settled that it would be better for me to place it between my foot and my stocking, where it would be never looked for, even in case of an attack. I was never much afraid of anything, and made very merry with the good lady's fears, but did as she desired, and set off. I made the sixth person in the *intérieur*. There was a priest going to Nancy; a young man and his sister going on to Strasbourg; a manufacturer; and an old Jew, who wrapped himself up in his pelisse, and seemed to sleep all the way. We soon got very chatty, and tried to frighten each other with stories of robbers and murders, and told of the ingenious way in which travellers had concealed their valuables. I, being young and giddy, as I have told you, and excited by the talk, which was very free and friendly, with great pride told of my little hoard, and where I carried it. I had scarcely said the words, when I felt I had been very foolish, for I saw the old man look round with a strange, sharp look, that somehow frightened me. Well, sir, we went on, stopping to dine and rest, and as friendly and merry a party we were as ever you saw, except the Jew, who kept to himself in his corner, listening to all our nonsense, but never saying a word.

"The priest's place at Nancy was taken by an officer going on to Strasbourg, and we went on happier than ever, until we passed through the town of Mogenvie, and found ourselves in the wild open country lying between that and Sarrebourg. As for me, I was so gay at the thought of being so near home, and making my poor father so happy, that I laughed and sang like a giddy child. It was now quite dark, and had become very wild, a strong wind blowing across the heath from the distant mountain. Suddenly, with a jerk, the horses were pulled up, and loud shouts and oaths told us our misfortune. We had scarcely time to think before the door was torn open, and we were

dragged out. As for the officer who had talked exceedingly bravely, he never offered a resistance, but cried out for mercy. The young man who was with his sister fired his pistol; but it was of no use, for he was surrounded and disarmed in a moment. I was, as you may suppose, half-dead with terror, for we were completely at the mercy of these men, who dragged all the baggage down, and instantly began to ransack it: all our things were thrown into a heap, and they selected every article of value. The Jew was certainly a great disappointment to them, for all they found of his was a little valise containing some worthless clothes and a few Russian roubles. While they were threatening and swearing at him, a man rudely took my arm, and shaking me violently, demanded my money. "Leave the girl alone," said another of them; "how should a child like that have money?" I now began to experience a hope of escape, and ventured to look about me; they had taken out the horses, and were engaged in tying the traces round the old man's neck. Perhaps they were only trying to frighten him, or perhaps they were really savage from disappointment. But, O sir, it was a dreadful scene in the dark night, not knowing which of our turns might come next. At last he screamed out: "Stay, stay, and I will tell you, as I am a living man, where I have hid my money. The little girl carries it all, a great sum, under her stocking." In a moment, sir, they were roaring like wild beasts about me, and my shoe and stocking off. My poor money! I do not remember anything more until I came out of my faint, and found that we were again on our road. My heart was almost broken. I could do nothing but cry and think of my poor father. I think even the other passengers pitied me, although they had all had some loss, and, during the whole journey, never ceased to vent their indignation upon the old man. He never seemed to mind or hear a word that was said, and took leave of us all at Strasbourg with a humility that was almost insulting.

"I cannot tell you what a miserable return was mine. My poor father could only cry over me, and thank God that my life was spared to him; and poor Carl, that I was so unkind to, came running across, and wept like a little child, though he was a fine tall man—bigger than you, sir—when he heard of my escape. My heart was melted, and all my pride gone, and I was, in all my trouble, thankful to sit there in our little parlour, and feel his strong manly arm around my waist, and know that there was my dear husband that was to be. So, sir, we were all in the twilight, thinking sadly enough of to-morrow, yet happy in to-day, when a ring came at our gate. Our maid, Gretchen, that was afterwards Fritz's nurse, went out, but presently came running in to say that a man wanted to give me a letter, but must put it into my own hands. I was still very frightened and nervous, as you may suppose; but Carl coming with me, we went to the door, where stood the cause of my misfortunes, the old Jew. "It is for you, mademoiselle," said he, giving me a letter—"farewell." I was now all curiosity to find what he had to say to me, and could scarcely wait until I got the light. O sir, my joy, my delight! it contained these words: "Mademoiselle, never be hasty in judging any one. You doubtless think me a very bad man, because you know but one side of the story. You are, however, a good girl, for you did not yourself blame the old man for saving his life at the expense of your money. Know that I carried upon me jewels, one of which would have been a fortune. But for your indiscretion, I should have lost the hard labour of a life. I enclose, then, two orders for money which awaits you at the bank—one is for the sum you have lost, the other is a marriage-portion for so good and pretty a girl."

"That is yours," said I to Carl.

"We were married, sir, for I was now a great heiress, and my little son Fritz inherits that very fortune made from my wedding-dowry."

For the benefit of the hypercritical, I add that I have taken a transcriber's privilege in compressing all that was extraneous and rambling in my heroine's manner of relating the foregoing story—a story we may all have heard as an anecdote, and upon the authentic source of which I had thus unexpectedly stumbled. It was decidedly a feather in my travelling cap—not perhaps entitling me to a niche in the temple of discoverers between Columbus and Captain Cook, but still a little isle of my own, which I here make patent for the benefit of all who, visiting Strasbourg, desire to see its curiosities. I have given you the address—you cannot miss it—and I am sure the old lady will be enchanted to tell you all about it herself.

I do not know whether, from long experience, M. Fritz had become so accurate in his computations, but certainly just as the story reached its conclusion, he entered. "Now you understand the picture," said he. "Aha! no one can understand anything unless they are told." I expressed my obligation to the old lady, who had relapsed into her dozey state after the exertion, and thanked monsieur for his hospitality. There was something evidently upon his mind. "About the money," said he; "you see I am a man of business. I know what is right—personal security is not right. You should go home to bed. I will give you," and he pulled out a leathern wallet—"twenty francs, and you can write to England; you ought to tell your friends you are weak and ill. Aha! I will come and see you."

I need not say that I declined his proffered kindness as regarded the advance; but there was something about him, despite his oddity, at which I could not feel offended, so I thanked him, and said I should be glad to see him.

When I reached my temporary home, two surprises awaited me: a face that had leaned over my cradle watched for me from my window, and sister Josephine was gone.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THAT science has its losses as well as gains was never more emphatically demonstrated than in the mournful event which took place soon after our last *Month* was written—the death of Humboldt. In him Europe has lost one of the foremost of her savans and philosophers, whose life, prolonged even to fourscore years and ten, presents us with an admirable example of scientific research and intellectual activity. He leaves a lasting monument in his works; and there is somewhat of consolation in the fact, that the concluding volume of his great work, *Cosmos*, is left so far complete that we may hope ere long to see the conclusion of the excellent English edition by Major-general Sabine. We hear, moreover, that a comprehensive geographical treatise has been found among the deceased philosopher's manuscripts; and should this be made ready for publication, a vast store of knowledge will be opened for studious readers.

Led hereby to geographical topics, we may notice the well-attended dinner of the Geographical Society in honour of Sir Roderick Murchison on his resignation of the presidency of the Society. He is succeeded by the Earl of Ripon.—Accounts from the far east inform us of some of the results of Mr Collins's journey from the Baltic across the Russian territories

to the mouth of the Amoor. It appears that the river is navigable for a distance of 2600 miles, to a place which is within 300 miles of Irkoutsk, the capital of East Siberia; hence it affords means of communication and trade with Siberia, Northern China, Tatar, Mongolia, and other countries; and a company has been formed in St Petersburg to open a trade. They hope, at the same time, to promote a lively traffic across the ocean with San Francisco; and the imperial government, to afford them protection, has strongly fortified Nikolaieff, the city and port at the mouth of the Amoor.—Turning to our own possessions, we find the Honourable G. W. Allan, in his address to the Canadian Institute at Toronto, making known that a company had been 'chartered' with large powers by the provincial legislature to open a route across British America. As he explains, its course would be from Lake Superior to Red River Settlement—to Carleton House on the Saskatchewan—to Edmonton House at the head of the navigation of the same river—thence across the Rocky Mountains to the head waters of the Frazer River, and so down to British Columbia. This is a grand scheme; and if our Canadian cousins accomplish it, they will have all the praise they can desire, and profit too, for that highway, when finished, would be the direct route to China and Japan. And, besides, what a country lies between for colonisation! Doubts have for some time prevailed with respect to the agricultural capabilities of Red River territory; but Professor Hind, geologist of the exploring expedition, finds the summer temperature of the settlement there to be four degrees higher than at Toronto; that rains are abundant; and that the land is not ungenerous to the cultivator.—In Australia, there is a change to notice: Moreton Bay is now erected into a separate colony, with an understanding that it takes upon itself a portion of the public debt of New South Wales.

Mr Robert Mallet's catalogue of earthquakes may now be augmented by a tremendous item—the late earthquake that shook old Chimborazo to his base, and threw Quito, a city of 70,000 inhabitants, into a heap of ruins. Full particulars have not yet been received; but enough is known to make us aware that this earthquake is one of the most calamitous on record.

There is good news to report from the Red Sea: the telegraphic cable is successfully laid from Suez to Aden. Profiting by experience, the projectors have chosen their central wire seven times thicker than the wire of the Atlantic cable; and this will insure better conductivity. But a few months more, and we may expect to see London in direct telegraphic communication with Bombay; and what is very much to the purpose, we hear that our government have at last resolved to have a cable laid direct from Plymouth to Gibraltar. We shall then be able to communicate with our Eastern possessions, independently of all the wires and all the clerks on the continent, a result to be regarded with national satisfaction.—Meanwhile important experiments have been made on insulation and insulators; and Messrs Silver, of Silvertown, near North Woolwich, have recently demonstrated, to a numerous gathering of our leading chemists and electricians, that india-rubber is by far the best insulator at present known. By an ingenious process, they coat the wire with a homogeneous envelope of india-rubber, which, as proved by a ten years' experiment in Portsmouth harbour, loses none of its insulating property by long immersion in sea-water. It can be cut and re-spliced with great ease and rapidity; and the finished cable appears to combine the desiderata of successful telegraphy.

Information has reached us from India of a tree

abundant in the forests of the Madras Presidency, which yields a milky juice similar in property to gutta-percha. The tree, which grows from eighty to a hundred feet high, is known as the Pauchontee: the juice becomes brittle when dry; but dissolved in turpentine or naphtha, it forms an insulating paste, which, under our new Indian régime, may become a source of profit. At present, these trees are cut down by thousands every year in clearing the ground for coffee-plantations. The same forests contain many oil-producing plants, which, as botanists shew, would well repay cultivation.

The Professor of Natural Philosophy at Maynooth, the Rev. N. J. Callan, well known for his ingenious and important electrical researches, has recently invented an induction coil, which, though not more than five inches long, gives off a spark of four inches. He is pursuing the investigation in the hope of arriving at a combination of short coils from which to draw sparks of twenty or twenty-four inches in length, even with a small battery. He shews that iron-wire, though inferior to copper, is suitable for secondary coils, and thinks it better to strive for the production of long sparks than the employment of a long wire.

Mr Wheatstone, as if by way of episode to his electrical pursuits, has just given another proof of his ingenuity by reading a manuscript in cipher which has long been in possession of the British Museum, and hitherto an undecipherable puzzle to all who examined it. The manuscript consists of a few pages of Arabic numerals, and, as now appears, is an important state document, expressed in French, embodying certain secret proposals from Charles I. to the court of Holland. When made public, as it probably will be, the student will see in it a further illustration of the Stuart character, and an interesting passage of history.

Sheets of paper and cardboard, with designs punctured therein, are often used by ladies in fancy-work, and very largely in weaving processes; and an ingenious Frenchman shews how these may be punctured by electricity. The sheet to be pierced is laid on a plate of metal, which is connected with one of the poles of a Ruhmkorff's coil: the operator takes a metallic style, insulated in a glass-holder, which is connected with the other pole, and following the design, brings the point near to, but not touching the paper; a spark immediately passes and effects the puncture. This is a pretty application of electricity to mechanical art; useful in the drawing-room as well as the workshop.

An improved axle-box for railway purposes has been described before the Institution of Civil Engineers by Mr Curtis, of which the merit consists in the fact that, by a centrifugal action, the oil is constantly thrown over the upper side of the axle, from the oil-chamber, to which it slowly trickles on its return, filtering on the way through a piece of flannel, which separates the impurities. This box has been for some time in use on eight railways in England, and in one instance, no fresh oil had been poured in for two months. Should it be found to answer, on further trial, we ought not to hear of trains stopping, as they now do, to give time for the axles to cool.

It has been remarked that the advance of engineering manufactures is shewn by the construction of the tools and appliances which they call into use; and we may form some notion of the huge masses of metal henceforth to be operated on in the red-hot state, by the fact, that a steam-hammer weighing seven tons, with a fall of six feet, has recently been made at Morison's Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The blow from a mass of solid steel of more than fifteen thousand pounds-weight, will be tremendous.—We hear of a machine that will clean twelve knives at once, and keep the edge in good condition: and of

'the renewable stocking,' which is to save wives and daughters the trouble of darning. According to the inventor, stockings are so cheap, that it does not pay to darn them, and he therefore manufactures toe and heel pieces, which are to be sewn in when required, and thus make the stocking as good as new.

Dyers and chemists will be glad to hear of new substances which they may turn to profit. Dr Hoffmann has communicated a paper to the Royal Society, describing products which he obtains from the berry of the mountain-ash; one, to which he gives the name of sorbic acid, and its compounds.—Further experiments in Paris confirm the efficacy of koussou as a remedy against tape-worm.—Professor Nicklès has been at work upon the privet, *Ligustrum vulgare*, known as an oleaceous plant, bearing black berries, which in Belgium and Germany are called ink-berries. These he finds to contain glucose, raisin-sugar, and a waxy substance of a beautiful crimson colour, to which he gives the name of *liguline*. This makes a good dye in different shades of crimson and purple, and is available as a test for water. In a tumbler of pure distilled water, a drop of solution of liguline colours the whole a bright crimson; but if the water contains, as many drinking-waters do, carbonate of lime, then the colour changes to blue. The test may be applied as well with liguline paper as with the solution, and paper thus prepared will doubtless come into use, and prove of service to the traveller and scientific explorer. Liguline, moreover, promises to be useful to the optician, as the solution when viewed in glass tubes presents singular optical effects.

The Society of Arts repeat their advertisement of Sir Walter C. Trevelyan's prize of £100, for the best essay on sea-weeds, that is, 'on applications of the marine algae, and their products, as food or medicine for man and domestic animals—or for dyeing and other manufacturing purposes.'—The question is asked: Would the castor-oil plant, *Palma Christi*, grow in Australia? because, if it would, the colonists might find it profitable for cultivation. Experiments made in Algeria shew that its leaves are good food for silkworms; that the oil can be deprived of its medicinal quality, and used in lighting and for alimentary purposes, and the fibres can be worked as hemp. Now that steam-communication along the rivers for hundreds of miles into the interior of Australia is established, and that produce may be sent to market, it is desirable that all suitable resources should be made available.—Another chemical product which we hear of from Paris is, *inocarpine*, derived from the chestnut of Tahiti—*Inocarpus edulis*. The sap of that tree exudes and forms a ruby-red gum on the bark; and this gum properly treated yields nine colours, from carmine, through green and blue, to black—further resources for dyers. A recommendation has been published in favour of raising plantations of this chestnut in Tahiti and the Society Islands; at present, in consequence of the leaves being used as fodder, the growth is diminishing.

At last, London has a market built with something like the style and appearance that a market should have in the metropolis: we refer to the New Flower Market adjoining the Opera House. However, apart from flowers, some of our provincial towns will still be able to boast that they have handsomer and more commodious market-houses than London. What can be uglier than Covent Garden, or more discordant with the magnificent fruits, vegetables, and flowers therein displayed? London must really try to beautify itself; the movement in favour of public drinking-fountains affords an opportunity for decoration which we hope will not be thrown away. And something must be done to facilitate locomotion through the streets, for at present the stoppages are as frequent as they are detrimental and vexatious.—There is talk

of a line of Boulevards at Liverpool. When will the broad thoroughfare along the banks of the Thames be commenced? Considering that fifty-six million persons cross London Bridge in a year, is it not reasonable to argue that more thoroughfares are wanted?

Our learned bodies have now brought their sessions to a close; the Royal Society have held their annual election meeting, and elected fifteen out of thirty-six candidates to the dignity of F.R.S. Now—politics apart—talk runs most upon holidays and the preparations for the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen.

Mr J. A. Barth of Leipzig announces his ability to furnish copies of 270 facial casts, which the Messrs Schlagentweit took from natives during their travels in India and High Asia. As a means of diffusing a knowledge of the ethnology of these countries, some of which had been visited by no other European travellers, the copies in question are attested as equally expressive and novel. They are formed on a basis of zinc, coated with a galvanoplastic deposit of copper, varied in colour according to nature, and giving the most minute irregularities of the skin in the greatest perfection. They cost, framed, about twenty-four shillings each.

A HOSPITAL HERO.

It was a cold night in December, and the wind blew along the slushy London streets; the blazing lights in the butchers' shops of Clare Market waved about like infernal banners. The policemen stood stiffly up in the doorways for shelter; and we, who were snugly ensconced in the house-surgeon's room of old St Barnabas, were perhaps the only people perfectly comfortable in the parish of St Clement Danea. Our party consisted of Brown (we'll call him Brown), of myself, and a small thin man called Jourdan. How small and fragile he looked as he sat on the arm of the old horsehair sofa discussing with Brown and myself a question in physiology. How red the spots grew over his cheek-bones; and how his cough rattled as he called Müller, and Kölliker, and Schroeder van der Kolk to witness that he was right, and we two signally and miserably wrong.

'Well, so be it,' said I at last. 'How the wind howls. It must matter but little to these poor neighbours of ours under the Adelphi arches whether their sensory nerve-fibres can be traced upward from the posterior columns of the cord or not. For my own part, I don't believe a'—

'What!' shrieked Jourdan, 'when Wagner has demonstrated that'—

'Oh, please sir,' said a nurse bouncing into the room, 'that man in the Top-Ward has got out of bed, and is a jumpin' mad.'

'Well, make him go back again.'

'I can't, sir. He's got the crutch from the patient in the next bed, and I daren't go near him.'

'Heigh-ho!' said Jourdan, 'it's always thus in our profession. We just taste occasionally the sweets of scientific discussion, when we have to leave them for the disgusting practical applications.'

Up stairs we went, past wards where the sufferers were most of them forgetting in sleep the distresses to which they would presently awake. All was quiet in the old hospital, save the howl of the wind and Jourdan's cough. 'Confound the pedantic little chap,' I thought to myself; 'he'll waken that operation case.' One more stair to climb, and we reached the Top-Ward, where

there was unusual excitement, the patients sitting up in their beds; the poor fellow with heart-disease, the consumptive, the dropsical patient, all watching a tall stalwart figure standing in a flannel night-gown, with his back to the fire, leaning with his chin on a crutch, and evidently in deep thought. Directly he saw us, he shouldered the said piece of timber, if not to shew how fields were won, to give as good a representation as circumstances would allow of how he intended winning the field on the present occasion. Whisk came the handle over my head as I ducked and escaped the blow.

'My good man,' said Brown, 'now, do go into bed. Is there anything I'—

Whisk came the crutch again over our heads; and as we ducked, the maniac leaped rapidly past us from bed to bed, gained the door, and ere we had time to intercept him, was in the passage.

In the ceiling of the passage just outside this door was a trap which led out upon the roof; it was not far from the floor. With the activity of madness he leaped, caught the edge of the trap, swung himself up, and was upon the roof. We looked at each other.

'Here's a business,' says Brown; 'he'll be down into the street in a twinkling, for he'll never stand against this wind.'

'What a mess we shall get into!' was my selfish thought. We got a pair of steps, and getting up them, put our heads out of the trap. The moon was shining bright, but the wind was shrieking through the old stacks of chimneys; and now and then a tile detached would slide down the roof and drop into the street.

'By Jove,' says Brown, 'he must have fallen; I can't see him anywhere. Let me look. Ah, there! Good heavens! how could he have got there, right at the end of this pointed old roof, covered with slippery tiles?'

Across this, in the moonlight, we could see a long shadow, and what I at first took to be a chimney-stalk, was the madman, standing gazing on the moon. At each gust of the fierce wind his body awayed as though he would fall; but there he stood in all the sublimity and strength of mania, gazing at that planet whose supposed influence over such unfortunates as himself, has given its name to the most awful of maladies. What could we do? The nurses, the porters were assembled at the foot of the steps. Our feeling of responsibility was intensely painful. An exclamation, a sudden noise, might send that poor wretch tumbling into the street. What were we to do? I felt something push by me on the steps, and then, for the first time, noticed that Jourdan had rejoined us. A paroxysm of coughing had kept him below stairs when Brown and I hurried into the ward. I saw his eyes sparkling, and heard his rough breathing as the little fellow said: 'Hold these,' and put a pair of half-Wellingtons into my hand. Was he mad, too, taking off his boots in such a place?

'Why, Jourdan, what?'

'Hush!' said he as he raised himself through the trap and stood on the roof. We now saw he was going to seize the madman.

The latter, as I have said, was a tall stout man in a state of acute mania; our friend was diminutive, and his naturally small frame was wasted by disease. He got on the sharp apex of the sloping roof; a blast of wind came, and down he went, but he caught

something, raised himself, and walked along, like one on a tight-rope.

The madman does not seem to notice him. We watch them both, and our hearts beat not only with anxiety but shame. The possibility of such a feat never had entered our own imaginations. Now he hears the maniac, who notices him, turns half round, and throws his arms up in defiance. But on Jourdan goes. Their shadows now mingle on the roof. The wind seems to howl louder, and our eyes less able to distinguish objects.

'Great Heaven! they're down,' said Brown, squeezing my arm, as something rattled over the roof.

No—it was only a tile.

What are they doing? They are nearer us now—Jourdan walking warily backward, and leading the maniac, whom he has grasped by the breast of his night-shirt. Still are these mad hands held out threateningly over the frail figure guiding him to safety. They reach the trap. Brown and I descend the steps so as to make room for this strange pair. Down they come. We seize the great mad arms, and pin them down, and put the man to bed.

We turn to look for Jourdan; he is quietly pulling on his boots again; and so we all return to the house-surgeon's room. I shall not trouble the reader with any moral reflections, which he may draw, as well as myself, from this little adventure. Poor Jourdan's brave spirit is now, I trust, where he obtains a clearer insight into those great truths he so enthusiastically investigated in his short and useful life. The patient whose life he saved was only suffering from temporary mental excitement, and is now a strong and useful man.

A PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN.

ALEXANDER COWAN, paper-maker, who died in February 1859, at the ripe age of eighty-four, attained the summit of mercantile prosperity, but may be said to have refused to be rich. For his descendants—not much less than a hundred in number—he desired only moderate means, so as to insure their leading useful and industrious lives. In his household, there never was any display, nothing beyond a simple, though abundant hospitality. He said to his daughters: 'I hope, my dears, none of you will ever do anything so miserable as marry rich men.' To insure his keeping down at a certain moderation of circumstances, he gave largely in private charity, and in assisting deserving young men to set up in business; moreover, he twice distributed eight thousand pounds among the charities of Edinburgh. It is believed that for many years there was scarcely so much spent in his own house upon himself and his family as was spent out of it upon others. He had a large and kind heart for the weak and erring. If a person had acted badly, his most severe remark was: 'Well, we must try to improve him; he is a weak creature, and has not had so many advantages as we: do him all the good you can.' If any one sought to injure him in any way, or to misrepresent his motives, he would say: 'Bear with him, and be kind to him; if my character is misrepresented, I do not care, so long as I have the love of my wife and children and a dozen friends.' During about four years at the close of the great war, his mills at Penicuik were used by government as a dépôt for French prisoners, and those who died in their confinement were buried on a spot close by, without anything to mark their resting-place. Some years afterwards, having resumed possession of the works, Mr Cowan went to a fellow-parishioner, and extorted five shillings from him, as a subscription towards getting up a monument for the poor Frenchmen. He then raised a really

handsome structure, bearing the following legend: 'The mortal remains of 309 prisoners of war, who died in this neighbourhood between 21st March 1811, and 26th July 1814, are interred near this spot. *Gratia quies patriæ, sed et omnis terræ sepulchrum.* Certain inhabitants of this parish, desiring to remember that all Men are Brethren, caused this monument to be erected in the year 1830.' A French inscription, composed by a son of Mr Cowan, was added, containing the following passage: 'Nés pour bénir les vœux de vieilles mères, par le sort appelés à devenir amants, aimés, époux, et pères, ils sont morts exilés.' Some years later still, the fact of the erection of this monument was made known to the inmates of the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris, some of whom had been imprisoned at Penicuck, and they were all much touched by the *fraternité* which both the act and the language expressed. One sent the following answer to the supposed *parishioners*: 'GENTLEMEN AND LADIES—In reply to the letter of the 21st November last with which you honoured me, I have the honour in the first place to say that I regret that my social position has not afforded me sufficient education to enable me to express the full effect produced on me by your dear letter. All my friends to whom I have communicated it, have shared my surprise and satisfaction; and after having seriously considered the subject in all its importance, we asked ourselves: "Can it be, that while two rival nations were at war (1811-1814), the conqueror collected the mortal remains of the vanquished, that he might await a favourable opportunity for raising a large and handsome sepulchral monument covered with honourable inscriptions?" and after asking one another a second time whether any of us had ever witnessed a similar instance at once of sympathy, of true religion, and fraternity, either in former or in later times, all gave a negative reply. Be it known to you, then, all ye who have contributed to this good work, that France has never failed to hail and to applaud a noble action, come whence it may! And again, be it known to you, that deeply grateful as we are for such a worthy deed, were we not restrained by the fear of wounding your modest feelings, nothing should prevent us from giving this good and lovely action the most extended publicity, by the voice of the journals of the capital. In the absence of this well-merited demonstration, we entreat you to accept our most sincere thanks, and most fervent prayers that Heaven may pour out upon you its richest blessings, and hear our supplications that the time may very speedily arrive when all the nations shall be sisters, and all men brothers, forming but one family—in a word, the family of God! &c. MARCHEZ and his friends, Fourth Division, Hôtel des Invalides.

'PARIS, December 6, 1846.'

It will not surprise the reader that Mr Cowan took no interest in religious controversies, still less that he had a humble sense of his own merits as a Christian. When some one spoke of his well-spent and beneficent life, near its close, he only remarked: 'When I enter the next world, I believe the first question addressed to me will be: "What have you done for Me in the world that you have left?"'—*Abridged from a Privately Printed Memoir.*

THE TRUE AMAZON.

[The following poem was suggested by an incident connected with the loss of the transport-ship *Europa*. The widow of Colonel Moore, who, in order to insure the safety of the women and children, so heroically met his death, surrounded by his men, in that ill-fated vessel, was said to have gone out as a hospital-nurse to the Crimea, where she died.]

Thou art gone—but not to battle;
Thou hast fallen not by the sword:
Not beneath the cannon's rattle,
Was my hero's blood outpoured.

Forlorn the hope that awayed thee
On the bitter, bitter main;
Yet blessed be God, who laid thee
In His deep, without a stain!

Oh, days for ever parted—
Oh, time with sorrow rife,
They need be lion-hearted
Who wage this war of life!

There are sounding in this heart
Old chords still true to thee:
We are far—yet not apart;
Thou art dead—but not to me.

God's blessing on the brave!
They who scorn a world of beauty;
They who march unto a grave
In the heavenly light of duty!

Thine was the strength undying—
The might that rules the world;
And shall I stand weakly sighing
When its banners are unfurled?

When I hear yon war-array,
I may not see for tears,
O were it but the death-fray,
And I amidst the spears.

I pray the hours speed faster;
I am weary of the sun;
But, O World, thou art my master,
And thy work it must be done!

Not in anguish unavailing
Let me sink, while I can raise
The wounded and the failing
To the hope of other days.

Let me still the widow's weeping—
Let me lift the orphan's head,
A tireless vigil keeping
In memory of my dead.

So, with those who know no morrow,
In my darkness let me stand,
And drown this mighty sorrow
In the tears of all my land.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

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